

THESE HISTORIC HOURS

THE Allied armies have now advanced into Germany, threatening all the lands of the aggressor with invasion. Those armies are the outward and visible signs of the historic hours through which Europe is now living. Those armies, as they advance from the west, the east, and the south, are re-fashioning the maps and laying down the lines of new life for the peoples of the Continent. The march of men and the march of time have never in the history of the world kept pace at such incredible speed as in these days. Each day sees a new deliverance and a new re-opening of territory and towns. Names of ancient and modern fame appear on the map, each day, as the armies sweep forward. The grand encircling movements of Hannibal and Napoleon are out-matched by those of Montgomery and Bradley, of Patch and Alexander, of Malinovsky and Cherniakhovsky who lead the Allied armies along the roads, not of conquest, but of deliverance.

In True Crusading Spirit

There lies the difference between this historic hour and all other hours of warfare which have changed the face of the world. The armies now facing the last hosts of Germany are no destroying, looting hosts. They are citizen-armies recruited and equipped for the particular purpose of deliverance. Their symbol is the sword and shield of the crusader who is sworn to deliver the holy and sacred things from the hands of the despoiler. That spirit has animated the men of the Allied hosts as they have swept across France and Rumania and Italy, and the welcome they have received is an unchallengeable sign of the triumph which is that of deliverer rather than of conqueror.

THESE historic hours belong not only to the soldiers who enter the cities of the Continent and receive the flowers and joyous welcomes of the people, but they also belong to all the men and women who have kept on hoping and praying that this day would come. Historic hours, such as these, communicate themselves across sea and land to all who believe in freedom. We are all partakers in the deliverance of the Continent. These are hours of rejoicing and wonder in which we all have a right to join. The flags of the Allied Nations now wave unmolested in Europe's villages and towns. They are the flags of the liberators.

The Triumph of a Team

Many historic hours in the past have not been thus shared by the common people. Those hours have belonged to emperors, princes, great sailors and soldiers. But this hour is a people's hour, and nothing can rob it of its most glorious fact that freedom has been re-won for the world by the exertions of the common men allied with the ingenuity and resource of the soldier and the scientist. From the beginning it has been a fight for all by all into which brains and brawn, leadership and loyalty, have been given without counting the cost. No one has sought to win glory for himself and no nation among the Allies has manoeuvred for its own advantage. This hour of history is an hour in which the triumph of the team is the immense and predominant fact in men's minds, for no great colossus strides the world at this hour and no one seeks to add glory to any individual man or nation. That is the

unique fact about this moment, and as the story of these days unfolds itself to the historian in the future that may well appear to be the most marvellous achievement of all.

HISTORIC hours, such as these, are in themselves harbingers of more historic hours. This can be truly said of the present hour. We have wiped out four years of sorrow and humiliation for France and the Continent of Europe, and we stand at the gates of Germany with armour poised for the last great assault. That in itself is a supreme moment in history, for in all its modern history as a nation the great country of Germany has never been invaded from the west. It has invaded and overrun other lands for seventy years past, but during no war in that period has it endured for many days the march of invading armies over its own soil; for only during very few days, following the outbreak of each world war, have her enemies succeeded in setting foot inside Germany.

The historic hour when Allied armies crossed the German frontiers to move onward to the occupation of the vast regions of Central Europe will be looked back upon as a decisive moment in the long story of mankind, opening new chapters in the histories of all the peoples of Europe.

To Defeat and to Deliver

We must believe in the historic import of that hour and the decisions it will force us to make. We do not go as conquering despoilers into Germany. We want neither territories that are rightfully hers, nor peoples. We want neither cities nor treasures. We go not to capture a crown or a throne. Ours is the harder and more complicated task of eradicating a poisonous growth from the life of a people and to see that, once and for all, the same poisonous doctrines are not allowed to be given soil and sun by which again to threaten the fair fields of human life. This is the purpose of the invasion of all Germany. We enter the German lands to defeat but also to deliver, so that the soul of Europe may again begin to grow and develop. We enter Germany not in a spirit of vindictiveness but with the sword of righteousness and judgment in order that in the days of the great peace to come a new, regenerated nation may grow out of this time of tribulation and humiliation.

THIS is a historic hour for Germany as her present rulers know. Those evil men face irretrievable ruin and in that ruin they have completely involved the nation and people they have so infamously served. But the march of Allied armies on German soil may also herald another historic hour for Germany in which she will turn from her wickedness and live, and start to prepare herself for a reputable and lasting place among the nations of men.

The Great Responsibility

Through these historic hours it has been the privilege of us all to live, and by our thoughts and actions as citizens of a free land we have a responsibility to prove ourselves worthy of them. The historian of the future will turn to these moments to see how Britain lived and moved at the hour of triumph and he will find the truth in the life of the common people. It is the people who write the pages of history, and now is their opportunity and responsibility.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Jock of the N F S

Injured in a flying-bomb incident and afterwards adopted by a Fire Station, thirteen-month-old Jock, an Alsatian, makes himself useful by carrying the shopping basket for N F S girls.

AN INVISIBLE ATOM SMASHER

ATOM smashing, of which much was heard before the war, no longer catches the public ear, because most of the scientific men who devoted themselves to it, in America as in England, are now occupied in hush-hush jobs.

It still goes on, however, when time can be spared for it, and a new atom smasher, or cyclotron, just completed in the United States, is unique because nobody sees it. It weighs 225 tons and is 30 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 12 feet high, but it is so powerful,

and the stream of the particles it distributes is so powerful, that it is buried below the ground.

Professor Corrie, who works the cyclotron by seven switches from a control board like an organ, sits many yards away in a concrete shelter with insulated walls. Nobody dare approach it while it is working; none ever can see it till its day's work is done.

The new atom smasher was begun before the war and will not be in full blast till peace comes again.

Fruit of the Desert Dust

ALL CN readers will remember how the Walrus and the Carpenter of Alice in Wonderland "wept to see such quantities of sand." So, also, did the forces of Field-Marshal Montgomery when pursuing the enemy from El Alamein. Their sandstorms were actually dust storms, the dust of the desert; but now use is being made of it in Egypt.

Sacks of the dust have been sent to Alexandria and beyond

to make gardens. It does not go alone, for mingled with it are tiny oolitic grains from the sea-shore, and together they form the most fertile of Egyptian soils. Figs, grapes, olives, and melons do well on it; and for sweetness and flavour the local melons are far ahead of any other strains grown in Egypt. As for flowers—they fulfil the poetic line of those that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Planning the Overthrow of Japan

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Prime Minister Churchill have again been holding conference at Quebec. It was only a little over a year ago that they met there in the famous Château Frontenac "to provide for the forward action of the fleet, the army, and the air forces of the two nations."

Events in every quarter of the world have proved how excellent was that planning, and there is every hope that what they plan now at their seventh meeting, will carry us to the end of the war in both West and East.

As in the Conference in August last year both the President and our Prime Minister are accompanied by their Chiefs of Staff and Ministers responsible for the war effort. Among British representatives are Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, and Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport.

There can be no doubt that there will be even more extensive planning for "the unflinching and relentless waging" of that war against Japan which we have given our word to pursue until the treacherous empire in the Pacific offers unconditional surrender.

Last year, it will be recalled, decisions were taken at Quebec "for pressing forward both short and long-term plans involving determined action against the greedy Japanese Government and people." The British and Indian armies and air forces, altogether some 250,000 strong in Burma, and the British Navy in the Indian Ocean, have already proved how efficiently we are carrying out our share in the Far Eastern War, while the Australians and New Zealanders have fought gallantly under General Marshall.

Both this country and America

have, of course, devoted their prime energies to the subjugation of the arch-enemy in Europe, but after his fall and the liberation of Europe, the full might of the English-speaking nations will be employed against the Japanese.

Neither the Chinese nor the French nor the Dutch are taking part in this Conference, but its results will bring freedom and security to China, Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies, as well as to those eastern lands stolen from America and Britain.

Our fourth great Ally, Russia, was not at Quebec; Marshal Stalin wrote that he could not leave his army. But the talks between Mr Roosevelt and Mr Churchill concerning the developments in Europe will be communicated to Marshal Stalin, and we may look forward to another great Allied Conference, like that at Teheran, at which the organisation of peace instead of war will be the principal subject for discussion.

Already much progress in this direction has been made in "informal conversations" between the Russian, American, and British representatives of the European Advisory Committee. They have agreed on the establishment at Berlin of a Commission of Control on which both military and civil representatives of the three Powers will sit.

This, however, awaits the final victory over Germany, and decisions to speed its final stages will doubtless have been taken at Quebec as well as those for the complete overthrow of Japan.

THE BATTLE OF LONDON

WHETHER it was Hitler's intuition or the advice of his experts which told him that he could win the war with his V 1 it matters not. Either one or the other has let him down yet again, and the capture by the British and Canadians of his "flying-bomb coast" has put an end to a battle lasting eighteen months.

It was in April 1943 that reports from secret agents told of a new long-range bombardment weapon, and photographs taken by our planes flying over Peenemunde, on a Baltic island, confirmed this. In the following November more photographs taken over France between Cherbourg and Calais revealed that the time had come for action. During that winter Allied aircraft kept up a consistent attack which destroyed a hundred flying-bomb launching sites.

More were constructed by the Nazis and were so skilfully camouflaged that many were not detected by us. On the morning of June 13 the first bombs from some of these sites fell in the London region, and about 48 hours later the full-scale bombardment began.

New methods of fighting the menace had to be worked out, and while in the early days a large proportion of the flying-bombs reached the London area and did considerable damage,

our defences were soon taking toll of the missiles either at sea or in the open country south of London. By day and night our fighter planes, Tempests, Mustangs, and Spitfires, were shooting them down into the sea. Shellfire from 800 heavy guns and nearly 2000 light guns and 20 American batteries destroyed others. A barrage of 2000 balloons accounted for still more. In 80 days of the bombardment 8000 flying-bombs were launched and 2300 reached the London area. About 25 per cent of the bombs launched were inefficient. Planes accounted for 1900, guns brought down 1560, and 279 were brought down by balloons.

Casualties were not heavy. In the early days of the attack an average of one person was being killed for each bomb launched, but, as our defences improved, this average was reduced to one person killed for each three bombs launched.

In their long battle against the flying-bomb sites the British and American Air Forces unloaded 100,000 tons of bombs, and, in doing so they lost nearly 450 aircraft and about 2900 men.

The opening of the Battle of Britain in 1940, with London as its chief target, saw Hitler at the height of his success. The end of the Battle of London in 1944 sees him toppling fast to destruction.

TITO'S GIRL SOLDIERS

WE have heard of Russia's women soldiers and pilots, and have welcomed them here. Our own ATS, WAAF and WRNS have shown all the world what British girls and women can do in the Services of their country, and none of us was surprised when Mr Duncan Sandys told us that women formed half of the ground defenders in the battle of the flying-bomb. But it is, perhaps, in the ranks of the Yugoslav patriots that the completest equality of risk and sacrifice is shared between the two sexes.

Marshal Tito's forces, now linking up with the Red Army in the Balkan offensive against the Huns, and blocking their retreat from Greece through Yugoslavia, have always included a high proportion of girl-soldiers, who are among the bravest and most enduring of his gallant fighters.

Philip Jordan, the well-known war correspondent, has recently written an interesting reminiscence from his stay at Tito's headquarters, describing how these Yugoslav girls, mostly very young, sing on the march and go into battle singing. They live on the same scanty rations as the men, they face the same immediate perils on the battlefield, and the terrible fate which faces them as prisoners of the Nazis. They never tire, they never falter, they never lose hope and faith—and they never cease to sing.

Perhaps it is their national songs which have inspired that faith.

HONOURING THE BRAVE

QUIDENHAM, a little village not far from Norwich, has a lovely medieval church, which has been visited by many Americans, young airmen and others, in the past two years.

Now the Norwich Consistory Court, which controls the affairs of the diocese, has authorised the restoration of the 14th-century chapel in Quidenham Church, which an American bomber squadron has offered to carry out as a tribute to the memory of their comrades who have died. A stained-glass window will depict an American airman in flying kit being welcomed by the Lord of Heaven after his supreme sacrifice.

This is another link forged in that bond of friendship between our two peoples.

New Weapons

MANY new weapons being used by General Patton's forces on the Continent were recently taken off the secret list.

There are the Hellcat, a fifty-five m.p.h. tank-destroyer; the M 24, a light tank with the power of a medium tank; the M 36 tank armed with a 24-pounder gun; and the Locust, a tiny airborne tank.

In addition to these tanks there is the Water Weasel, an amphibious cargo-carrier, and rocket-boosters to launch planes into the air from short runways.

Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A BED is to be endowed in Leeds General Infirmary in memory of the great cricketer, Hedley Verity.

A Thunderbolt has been flown through the 150-foot-high arch of the Eiffel Tower.

Proposals are being made for making Britain the centre of a great tourist industry employing a million people.

For the first time in history a man has had his DCM cancelled and instead has been awarded the VC.

Britain's total war bill so far is nearly £22,000,000,000.

MRS CHURCHILL'S Aid to Russia Fund has up to now sent 12,810 tons of supplies.

President Roosevelt's tribute to Malta is inscribed on a copper plate set up in Valetta.

The honorary freedom of Canterbury has been offered to Field-Marshal Montgomery.

The biggest convoy in history, with nearly 150 ships and 1,000,000 tons of cargo, recently arrived here safely from North America.

The Belgian Government is now back in Brussels.

Liberation News Reel

A MINISTRY of 22 men has been appointed by General de Gaulle to govern France until a new Parliament has been elected.

Toc H is again doing welfare work among the troops in France.

Owing to the advance of Allied troops in France many U-boats operating from the Bay of Biscay are now without bases.

The Chinese National Military Council at Chungking has stated that Chinese casualties in this war totalled 2,802,220 up to June.

A weekly average of 3,500,000 letters are sent by British troops in France to their relations in Britain.

Youth News Reel

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Anthony Keenan of the 5th Lancaster Sea Scouts has been awarded the Scout Bronze Cross for saving two lives. He dived into the river when he saw a girl in difficulties, and brought her to the shore, and also a friend who had swum to their assistance.

Scouts of the 3rd Harold Wood Troop in camp in Hertfordshire were able to render valuable assistance following the collision of two American aircraft in mid-air, by helping in the search for the airmen who baled out, and by collecting gear and equipment.

Farmers are likely to have the help of German prisoners in harvesting the potato and sugar beet crops.

For the last ten years the Prairie Provinces of Canada have produced an average yearly grain crop of more than 660 million bushels.

The people of Gothenburg, Sweden, gave a great send-off to 2635 repatriated British and American prisoners of war.

In five years of war special trains of the LMS have carried 21 million men and women in the Forces, and another eight million have travelled in smaller parties by ordinary trains.

Sacks are wanted by our Armies overseas, so any spare ones should be sent immediately to a sack-dealer.

A newly-developed kind of concrete is said to be stronger than steel and lighter than aluminium.

British farmers are spending £25,000,000 a year on machinery, a third of the sum paid by the nation for cars before the war.

Convalescent Services patients in Naples are enjoying weekly sea trips round the lovely Bay of Naples.

ROCKET-FIRING Typhoons have been sinking tugs and barges on the Rhine.

So heavy was the Allied bombardment of German-held Channel ports recently that it was heard in London.

Japanese war casualties up to May 31 numbered 2,144,000.

Marshal Stalin has awarded the Order of Suvorov (First Class) to Marshal Tito. This is the highest Soviet award.

Two hundred and twenty-three flying bombs were shot down by Polish fighter squadrons.

A complete R.A.F. mobile field hospital is now in Belgium.

Enthronement of a Bishop

WHEN the new Bishop of Liverpool, the Right Revd Clifford Arthur Martin, was enthroned as Bishop of his Diocese recently his entry into the Cathedral was made from the carpenter's shop. It was a lovely touch, for was not our Lord at one time a carpenter, writes a C.N. correspondent who was there.

Liverpool Cathedral is famed for the beauty and dignity of its services, and the service for the enthronement was no exception. It was most impressive, full of significance and meaning. After

entering the Cathedral from the carpenter's shop the Bishop walked, in the tradition of St Columba, alone and unattended, through the nave, through the choir, through the sanctuary to the high altar. Three times he paused on his way and knelt in prayer. "Alone, yet not alone, My God," sang a choir boy as the Bishop began his journey, "I journey on my way; what need I fear when thou art near, O King of night and day." Then the Bishop was presented to the congregation, and the enthronement followed.

The Children's Newspaper, September 23, 1944

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Work For the Crossbow

THE crossbow has come into its own again, not as an implement of war, but as a promoter of the peaceful progress of science.

When he was weighing the Earth in the crypt of an Oxford college, Sir Charles Vernon Boys first suggested the use of the bow and arrow for drawing out the quartz fibres of his delicate balances. But now quartz fibres are needed still more finely drawn, and the Boys bow has been replaced by a crossbow of light flexible steel mounted on a wooden frame.

On the point of the arrow it

is to shoot is fixed a small cylindrical bit of quartz which is melted by an oxy-hydrogen flame. When it is molten a trigger releases the lightly-drawn bow and away the arrow speeds, taking with it a fibre of the quartz 20 feet long and so fine that it is only one-60th the diameter of a human hair. That gives a better idea of it than by saying it may be only one-30,000th of an inch in diameter; but some of the threads, stronger than steel, are so fine that they are invisible to the eye, except when held in front of a bright light.

MENIN'S CLARION SOUNDS AGAIN

WITH the liberation of Belgium, no doubt Europe, through its wireless, will hear again the voice that shrilled nightly from the Menin Gate.

With the coming of sunset, night after night, winter and summer, for 20 years, the Last Post was sounded from that famous scene of action in the war of 1914-1918; then, with the overrunning of France, the solemn clarion was muted and the trumpeters banished.

We shall listen once more to those moving strains. A Trust exists for their continuance. Rudyard Kipling had an only son, who fought in the Irish Guards, and during the last war he was killed. Menin's Last Post was instituted by the father of young John Kipling. The endowment survives and, with the freeing of Belgian soil, pious remembrance renewed the sadly romantic ceremony for which the poet provided.

THE PERSISTENT SWALLOW

From a Scottish Correspondent

LAST year a swallow built a nest in the veranda of our club-house. The greenkeeper removed it but the swallow immediately rebuilt it and the bird was allowed to remain. Four eggs were laid and duly hatched.

This year the swallow returned and built a nest in the same place. When four eggs were laid the greenkeeper removed them, thinking the bird would forsake the nest. Far from it, for two days afterwards an egg was found in the nest. This also was taken, but the swallow continued to lay and the egg was always removed until fifteen altogether had been taken.

The nest was then left alone and four more eggs were laid, and hatched. When the nestlings were fully feathered the young and old birds left the nest in triumph.

Volunteers Wanted

ROWLAND COTE, a picturesque Derbyshire mansion in the Edale Valley, at the foot of Kinder Scout, will open soon as one of the largest Youth Hostels in the country, if there is sufficient response to the appeal for labour to restore it. With it goes access to some two hundred acres of Derbyshire moorland.

Rowland Cote has been acquired by the Manchester branch of the Youth Hostels Association, and is capable of providing for one hundred mem-

bers a night. But before it can be opened volunteer working parties are required for its conversion into a hostel, and the more rapidly they come forward the sooner it will open.

Standing in three acres of gardens and another thirty of grassland, Rowland Cote (from whose windows Mam Tor and Lose Hill, two heights well-known and loved by all familiar with the Peak District, can be seen across the valley) will be the first ramblers' centre to give access to the east side of Edale.

ELECTRIC CYCLE

A SMALL battery that will give great power for long periods is one of the aims of electrical engineers.

We now hear that Mr J. W. Barrs of Preston, helped by the Ministry of War Transport, has built a battery-driven motor-cycle. Its motive-power comes from a series of batteries, each battery good for 50 miles of travel, at a cost of one penny a charge. Operating on four speeds, with direct drive and the clutch eliminated, the battery-driven motor-cycle has a cruising speed of 25 mph. It is most useful for local runs.

Under the Eyes of the Gods

BLAST from flying bombs has brought to light many secrets. Disgraceful jerry-built work has been discovered in inner walls of houses supposed to have been of flawless materials and craftsmanship. How such shoddy dishonesty passed the scrutiny of the building authorities of the times is a mystery.

How different was the workmanship of the men who built the great structures of antiquity! Sir Flinders Petrie, with his unequalled experience in the matter, expressed astonishment that in the dark, innermost recesses of the Egyptian temples

and monuments, where human sight could never be expected to detect flaw or error, the work was absolutely perfect in accuracy and finish. What power, he wondered, could have operated to evoke such conscientious devotion to a task beyond public knowledge?

The poet often perceives cause and motive undiscoverable by the rest of us, and in this romantic particular Longfellow, the American poet, has revealed the truth. In his poem, *The Builders*, he wrote,

*In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.*

MILK COCOA AND APPLES

COLONEL LLEWELIN, the Minister of Food, has been speaking about food during the coming winter. He is extending the National Milk Cocoa scheme, introduced last winter for workers under 18 years of age, to workers under 21. A recent survey, he says, showed that the majority of young people enjoyed the drink and liked its flavour. He, therefore, appeals to employers to encourage its consumption, particularly in the middle of the morning.

As to the distribution of apples, Scotland, Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and Westmorland are to draw their supplies from Northern Ireland, and all the rest of England and Wales will receive either home-grown or North American fruit.

FAME IN A NIGHT

A LONDON schoolboy, David O'Brien, aged 14 years, has stepped into fame as an actor, not in a film but on the stage. He is appearing as a young Nazi in a new play entitled *Tomorrow the World*, at the Aldwych Theatre, London, and he gives a brilliant performance. It is David's first stage appearance.

The play shows the villainess of the Nazi creed, and especially its effect on German children. The elimination of this poison from the minds of the youth of Germany will be one of the United Nations' major problems after the war.

The title of the play is taken from a Nazi song: *Today we rule Germany. Tomorrow, the world.*

There is little doubt that David O'Brien, like Freddie Bartholomew, has great talent and a fine future before him in the theatre. Good luck, David!

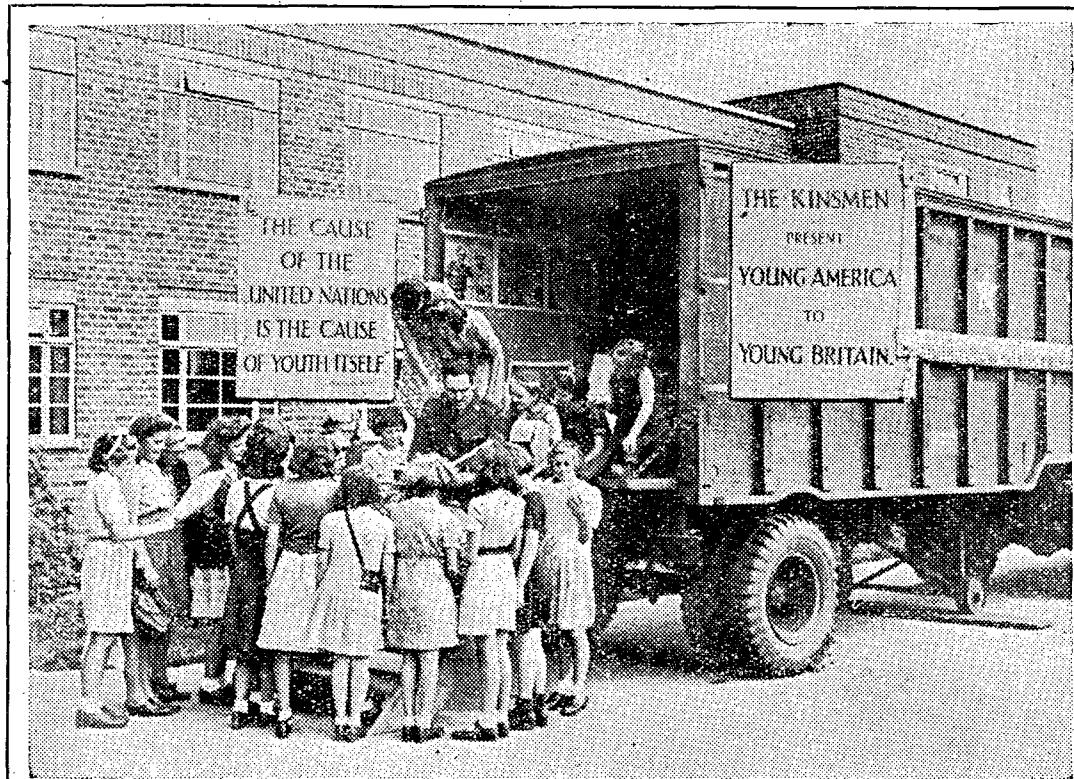
A Railway Centenary

FEW of the patient passengers from Lancashire and Yorkshire industrial towns celebrating their "Wakes" weeks who have waited in this summer's record queues at Victoria Station, Manchester, for trains to Blackpool and other seaside resorts, will have realised that the famous station is celebrating its centenary this year. But it was in 1844 that the Manchester and Leeds Railway Company opened Victoria Station.

From its very beginnings Victoria, as it is affectionately known to those who use it, broke all records. The total length

of the station when it opened was 852 feet, some 700 feet of which were covered. It can boast of the longest railway platform in the country—one which runs into the adjacent Exchange station.

As the gradient at Victoria was too severe for the locomotives of the period, a stationary engine at the head of the incline pulled the passenger trains to the top with wire ropes on pulleys, while a brake van loaded with ballast preceded the trains on the downward journey. And the gradient was only one in 49!



Friendship Exhibition

The Kinsmen, an American organisation, have organised a travelling exhibition with the object of fostering closer friendship between the youth of America and Britain. The lecturer, Sergeant Cecil Elmore, U.S.A.A.F., who in private life is Principal of Cadillac High School, in Michigan, is here seen conducting a Brains Trust when the tour began at the Rectory Senior School, Hampton, in Middlesex.

A PROUD RECORD

CAPTAIN E. R. WESTMORE, of Southport, has been in the Merchant Service for 54 years and is justly proud of his record, for during the whole of this period he has never lost a ship or a man.

In this war he has taken tramps and other ships all over the world through waters infested with U-boats. Off West Africa, South America, Venezuela, and British Guiana he has seen sister ships in convoy bombed and torpedoed and sunk close by, but his own ship has remained untouched.

WORK AND HOUSES

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Dr. Garbett, writes in his diocesan leaflet of the importance of being ready to cope with problems of demobilisation.

There will be two great demands—Work and Houses—the Archbishop writes, and he goes on, "There is natural anxiety in the old depressed areas as to what will be their lot when the heavy industries are closed down."

Dispersal of industry on a national scale seems essential if there are not again to be great areas of unemployment. As to Houses, there can be no doubt that one answer to the Archbishop is that building workers and building-material producers will be afforded essential work in every part of the country if public authorities act promptly.

GOOD WORK, JOHN!

JOHN FERRY, of Ryhope, Durham, who, as mentioned in the CN a few weeks ago, took the School Certificate examination while lying in a plaster cast in a northern hospital, has achieved a splendid success. John passed in six of his seven subjects, with five credits, and has been granted exemption from matriculation.



Mass Hoeing

A seven-row hoe developed on a farm at Fladbury in Worcestershire is here seen at work on a field of leeks. Each hoe is independently controlled to permit close work. The seventh hoe is just seen on the left.

A PRIORITY IN RECONSTRUCTION

As liberation proceeds in Europe, reconstruction will follow. Food and shelter are prime needs, but intellectual sustenance is not to be forgotten either.

The destruction of books during five years of war is appalling. More than a score of great libraries in Britain alone have been wholly or partly destroyed and millions of volumes lost. Europe has a similar record.

But fortunately, about two years ago, a Conference of Allied Ministers of Education was established in London, and ways and means of repairing some of this damage were discussed. Before long, we should be able to see the results.

One of the tasks of the Conference will be to restock national and university libraries and also to see that periodicals from which the occupied countries have been cut off during the war-years are supplied.

Of course, books for recreational reading—novels, plays, short stories—will be wanted by the people of Europe, but more important from the point of view of the Conference is the provision of books for educational purposes.

One suggestion which has been made is for a new History of European Civilisation—in which, no doubt, its many faults in the past will be made to show the way to a more glorious future.

Some idea of the work to be done in restoring Europe's devastated bookland may be gathered from one single instance—the Belgian University of Louvain. The library of this seat of learning was destroyed by the Germans in 1914, restored, and again destroyed in 1940. Out of 900,000 books only 15,000 were saved; out of 800 valuable manuscripts, no more than 13 escaped destruction!

The restoring of Europe's lost libraries will call for good-hearted co-operation and help from libraries which have been undamaged by war. Private owners of books may also have an opportunity of assisting by gifts from their shelves.

But, however the restocking is done, we cannot doubt that it is one of the most urgent priorities of reconstruction.

Reminders of Home

LETTERS from two CN readers, reaching us from different fronts, both express the finding of likenesses to their homeland in what to most of us might seem unlikely conditions. One is from a Desert Rat, with a great pre-war travel record behind him, who has been in the thick of the fighting in Normandy, but has had some leisure for examining views and vistas. "It is strangely like Surrey," he writes, and leaves it at that.

The other letter, from a soldier reaching Italy from Africa, utters a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness at the change from the terrifying vastness and loneliness of the desert to the delights of a cultivated countryside. He noted, as all do in visiting Italy, how zealous are the peasants and proprietors in turning every inch of cultivable soil to profitable account, even

on the steepest hillsides, with one terraced plot below another. At first he thought to himself that Kent, treated in this manner, would look just the same.

The sight of oranges and lemons growing in the open, however, made him wonder whether his comparison was reasonable. Then he saw something that restored his confidence. "Look!" he cried. "Kentish hopfields in Italy, with the hops anchored to trees instead of to cords and poles!" A shout of laughter from his companions induced him to undertake a closer investigation of the hopfields. They were vineyards, and it was not hop-bines, but grapevines, that were slung from tree to tree. Nevertheless, in spite of manifest differences, the impression left on his mind, he says, is that of a Kentish scene, so he is "quite at home."

LIFEBOATS FROM THE AIR

LORD MOTTISTONE is a vigorous and forward-looking personality, as anyone will admit who has lately watched this youngster of 76 at a War Savings rally or other wartime parade.

Now he tells us of a new development likely to be made in the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to which he has given such grand service for so many years. Part of the post-war rescue work of the R.N.L.I., he says, may be airborne lifeboats dropped by parachute, a modernisation well in step with the needs of today.

When he was a young man of 23, Jack Seely, as he was then, won the gold medal of the French Government for saving life at sea. Nine years later he was serving in the South African War with the Imperial Yeomanry, but he kept up his interest in the work of the brave lifeboatmen, particularly in the Isle of Wight, for which he was already an M.P. Even when, at the age of 40, he became Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Under-Secretary for War three years later, he carried on his close interest in sea rescue, and retained it as Minister for War in the Liberal Cabinet in 1912.

Jack Seely went back to the Army in 1914, at the age of 46, and a friend of the CN has always kept an unforgettable impression of him in 1916, in the height of the Somme offensive, seated on his noble charger (which has only just died at the advanced age of 32) and surveying the furious battle scene with as much coolness and humour as he now brings to a Savings Rally.

Newspapers Instead of Textbooks

So acute has the shortage of school textbooks become in Manchester that when the city's schools reopened after their summer holidays this month many of the pupils found themselves being taught from newspapers. Special courses have been prepared by the teachers in many instances.

Daily newspapers are used mainly for "comprehension" tests, to pass one of which scholars have to read an article—political, agricultural, or industrial—and then explain certain aspects of it in their own words.

This continual association with newspapers, both at home and at school, is helping to increase children's ability to speak for themselves, too. Gone are the days when boys and girls were to be seen and not heard. Instead schoolchildren now discuss the war news and even home politics not only among themselves but with their parents. They have a surprising knowledge of place-names which figure in war reports; for them geography lessons assume a far more realistic touch.

The shortage of textbooks has also led to an increase in the number of school discussion groups. Boys and girls are today showing more eagerness to stand up and deliver "lectures" than formerly. Their powers of arguing have apparently no end, we hear—and we are confident that, within reason, this development in education is good.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

MORE LIGHT!

"THE lights are going out all over Europe!" That symbolic phrase, spoken thirty years ago by Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey, stands as one of the most tragic pronouncements of all time, though perhaps few who heard it realised its significance to the full. That was to be revealed only to the next generation.

But now, all over Europe, all over the world, the lights are gleaming once again, even though but dimly here and there. And we in Britain are overjoyed at the lifting of the Blackout not merely because we are to be freed from its dangers and inconveniences, but rather because we see it as a symbol. The lifting of the Blackout! We have endured much in the waiting for this great deliverance, and we do well to rejoice.

After the long darkness comes the light. May it soon be shining brightly once more all over the world—and in all men's hearts and minds.

Education by Television

THE Ministry of Education is considering the use of television in schools. An engineer has been appointed to develop this side of school work, but much research and experiment will be necessary.

A process of great value in the classrooms is under way, but it cannot be used yet in large halls; it does away with blacking-out and solves problems of note-taking, discipline, and ventilation.

Experiments are proceeding and the number of school projectors will be raised to 20,000, so it appears that the school-children of tomorrow are to enjoy advantages undreamed of by their parents.

CARRY ON

TRUE THEN, TRUE NOW

FOR my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral supports which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford—if the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affection and their regard. W. E. Gladstone

On the Shore of the World

ON the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think Till love and fame to nothingness do shrink. Keats

HIGHWAY 9

WHEN the last All Clear is sounded British mothers will all be overjoyed that their children no longer will be in danger from German bombs—the long ordeal by day, and the gnawing anxiety of the night, will be over.

But when the last All Clear is sounded British children will still be in mortal danger from British cars. The awful toll of the roads continues, and July's figures of 136 children killed (106 pedestrians and 30 cyclists) is a terrible commentary on the price paid for speedier transport—paid in human life and suffering.

Despite all road improve-

A Prevental

IN view of the widespread advertising by Government Departments on the value of vitamin C and of the foods that contain it, we are surprised to learn some Scottish hospitals record a serious increase in scurvy. Scurvy is due to the absence of sufficient vitamin C in the diet, and in former days was the bane of the seaman.

The disease can easily be prevented by including potatoes and vegetables in the diet; but these must be cooked in such a way that the health-giving vita-

Under the E

GENERALS win the war, PETER politicians the WANTST peace, says a speaker. What about General Agreement?

A YOUNG mechanic who came to England from the East arrived with only £10 in his pocket. He soon got his hand in.

THE German High Command wonders if it has bitten off more than it can chew. It has certainly told the German public more than it can swallow.



Adversity Dis

PROSPERITY is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon

LOVELY AS A LAND

THE holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence and apart; The secret anniversaries of the heart, When the full river of feeling overflows: The happy days unclouded to their close; The sudden joys that out of darkness start As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart

SLAUGHTER

ments and laws, despite education and the Highway Code, despite all punishment of reckless road-users, the holocaust goes on. And it will go on until all busy roads are crossed either by bridge or tunnel, and cyclists have their own roads.

Is it not strange that we forbid children (save at special places) to cross a railroad which is perhaps used by three noisy trains an hour, but allow them to cross at will a road used perhaps by 300 or more quietly-moving cars an hour?

One day, and we hope not too far distant, it will be as rare to see a child on the road as it now is to see one on a railroad.

le Disease

min is not lost. Poverty, which makes it impossible to buy adequate food or to obtain proper facilities for cooking, is frequently a cause of this disease.

Obviously a great deal more has to be done by our health authorities to stamp out this quite unnecessary evil.

JUST AN IDEA

Civilisation is perhaps, after all, only another way of spelling Consideration.

ditor's Table

PUCK KNOW PARENTS make their biggest mistakes in feeding children, says a doctor. It would be a bigger mistake not to feed them.

THE Home Guard are now entitled to stand-easy. Many would rather sit down.

BIG police changes are likely. The small police may be overlooked.

A. DRESS designer likes a gay colour. Wants to put all his rivals in the shade.

covers Virtue

a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. *Francis Bacon*

SCAPE IN A DREAM

Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are—a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream. *Longfellow*

GOSSIPS

THE Vicar of St Michael's, Pitsea, in Essex, has two rolls on his desk—an electoral roll and an anti-gossip roll.

The gossip's chatter, usually concerns something somebody else is alleged to have said or heard, and, as the old saying has it, Hearsay is half lies. The other half usually grows in the repetition.

Gossip is the cause of much ill-will in so many otherwise happy communities, and we wish the Vicar of St Michael's well in his efforts to eliminate this social evil from his parish.

A NEW COIN?

THE Municipal Passenger Transport Association is asking Sir John Anderson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to mint a 1½d coin. They say that such a coin would simplify the work of conductors and make their money-loads lighter, and we do not doubt it for a moment.

The same desirable effect could also be attained by returning to penny fares. But that, we fear, is too much to hope for even in the Peace.

For Handsome Is as Handsome Does

FROM A C N GIRL IN CAMP

THERE is a most attractive-looking village near our camp. It is a place tourists used to flock to see before the war. But the people there seem only to be out to get all the money they can out of us—and most of us have not any too much to spend.

A few miles away there is another village, and it is as different as possible from the lovely-looking one. It is nothing whatever to glance at a second time, but so many of us have found friends there. They not only made us welcome in their homes, but when we go away they write to us and seem really interested in our well-being. We are very lucky to have that plain village as a neighbour.

A DOCTOR'S PRAYER

I AM a part of all I've met,
And all I've met are part of me;
Nor can I ever pay my debt
To those who proved true friends to be.

In practising the healing art
Each day I live, new friends I win;
For something passes from my heart

That makes these folk my kith and kin.

I would give ever of my best
To all who need my help and skill;

And, seeking neither gain nor rest,
Would do the Great Physician's will.

Then, when my earthly days are past,
And all of me is given away,
Lord, take my weary soul at last
To where Thou art, I humbly pray. *David Effaye*

TRAILER TOWNS

By the C N Correspondent in America

AMERICA is accustomed to seeing factories, towns, and buildings grow up like mushrooms overnight. But Trailer Towns are a wartime invention.

The most famous one is outside Baltimore in Maryland. A huge war factory had been erected, but there were no homes for the workers. A planned programme of houses was held up owing to huge demands elsewhere. Then someone thought of trailers—homes on wheels which motorists hook behind their cars. Why not Trailer Towns?

So America was combed through for trailers. Thousands were bought or made until today the United States Government has 27,000 trailers under its control. They are mainly eight feet by 22 feet, and consist of one room. There are two double beds which fold up during the day like ordinary divans. There is a built-in gasoline stove with a built-in sink and a built-in refrigerator. The wardrobe, too, is built in, and water comes from an outside tank which is kept filled by the authorities of Trailer Town. But the bathroom is down the street at a specially-built trailer which has all facilities for bath and toilet. Rubbish is carried to the community dust-bin, and at the laundry trailer people meet to do their laundry. The doctors of Trailer Town have their own trailer for a surgery, and so have the post-office and telephone exchange. The library trailer is equipped as a club and meeting-place and the dentist, too, has his trailer.

In fact, Trailer Towns are towns on wheels with the smallest houses in America, but some of the neatest and happiest. The Baltimore Trailer Town has its own churches and its newspaper, The Trailer Town Times, consisting of four quarto mimeographed pages published weekly.

A Franklin Plan

C N readers will perhaps find the idea of the proposed International Bank in the following letter by Benjamin Franklin. He wrote it to one Benjamin Webb in 1784, while negotiating treaties in Paris on behalf of the new-born American nation.

DEAR SIR, Your situation grieves me and I send you herewith a banknote for ten louis d'or. I do not pretend to give such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with such little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a little. With best wishes for your future prosperity, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant, B. FRANKLIN.

Fifty-Four Forty— or Fight!

Here is the story of a controversy between Britain and America which came to a head exactly a hundred years ago this autumn. It all ended happily in a decision which did much to establish that good will between the English-speaking peoples that has proved of such value to the world today.

BEFORE long, war or no war, the United States will be in the grip of election fever. Late this year its citizens will decide whom they will have as their next President.

It is difficult for Britons to realise how strong is the excitement in America when the Presidential election takes place, but at least we know that while the final result is bound to affect the whole world to some extent, the electioneering itself will be a purely domestic matter for the Americans.

This has not always been the case, and exactly a hundred years ago the Democratic Party in the United States coined a catch-word, or phrase, which might easily have brought their country into conflict with ours.

Early in the nineteenth century a treaty was signed between us and America by which it was agreed that the boundary-line between America and Canada (not then self-governing) should be the 49th parallel of latitude, as far west as the Rocky Mountains. But the land between the Rockies and the Pacific, being at that time largely unexplored, was left as a sort of No man's land, entered by both British and Americans, but ruled by neither.

By 1844, however, both countries were beginning to think that it should be theirs, and the Democratic Party of those days, instead of accepting the possible extension of Latitude 49 right to the Pacific Coast as the boundary, claimed more land, and raised the cry of "Fifty-four Forty—or fight!" They meant that if American territory in this part of the world did not stretch as far north as Latitude 54 degrees, 40 minutes, they were prepared to go to war.

There was more sound than fury in this cry, however, and it was partly raised, at least, to secure the votes of the American citizens who wished to show that they were staunch supporters of their country against foreigners. All the same, it was a foolish

cry, for about the same time America was approaching war with Mexico—and Britain in those days was very friendly with Mexico.

Fortunately there were leaders of the Democratic Party who saw the folly of their own party's "war-cry," and they quietly informed Britain that they would accept the 49th Parallel as the boundary right across America.

It was a wise decision, for there were no railways in those days to that north-west corner of the American continent which was the seat of the trouble. Rugged mountains and trackless plains would have been the only means of troop transport, neither of them effective "roads" for an army. Britain, on the other hand, had a strong Pacific Fleet, and troops in Australia.

So reason prevailed. In due course the cry "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was heard no more, and finally the 49th Parallel became the agreed boundary from coast to coast.

It is significant that this long, long border between one nation and another persists to this day without forts, troops, or masses of artillery to guard it, and that the invasion of Canada by America, or vice versa, is as certain never to happen as it is true that men of both nations today fight side by side in Europe.

Brains Trust in a Gaol

A SHORT while ago Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow was the scene of the first prison Brains Trust ever held. This proved so successful in all ways that arrangements are being made for similar meetings in other such institutions in Scotland.

On October 6, another Brains Trust session will be held in Barlinnie. Answering questions will be the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Dr James Dunlop, A R P medical officer for the city, and Mr Stewart Patterson, Director of the American Red Cross.



THIS ENGLAND

The charming hamlet of Seatoller, at the head of Borrowdale in Cumberland

The Paratroopers in the Hills

Now that the Home Guard has received orders to Stand Easy many are the tales that will be told of happenings during more than four years of splendid service. We feel that our readers will be interested in this story which comes to us from a correspondent in the North of England.

If proof were needed of the determination and efficiency of the Home Guard, not only on planned exercises but in face of the "real thing," it was, afforded by an incident among lofty hills in the North of England some time ago.

Early one afternoon the police in a near-by town received an urgent message that parachutists wearing enemy uniforms had been seen roaming about the hills and seeking protective cover against the numerous crags or rocks thereabouts. The parachutists, the message went on to say, had already blown up an important bridge and killed a policeman in uniform.

The local police rose to the occasion. For all they knew the parachutists might have been the forerunners of a surprise invasion, but whatever the portent of the landing they realised their duty and quickly passed the message on to the local Home Guard headquarters.

They mobilised the police in the area to follow any instructions from the Home Guard commander, and waited for orders.

Meanwhile, the message had been flashed through to the area headquarters, and the area commander, who had just left the police court bench as a magistrate, took command of the situation at the H.Q.

Then the hunt started. A force of Home Guard men left to search the hills for the parachutists. They remembered all the advice about tactics they had received in their intensive training, and finally caught sight of the enemy.

They aimed to fire—

Then it became apparent that the parachutists were not Germans at all, but British paratroopers on an exercise dressed in German uniforms. By some misunderstanding the Home Guard and police had not been informed!

The "blown-up bridge" was the next thing to be explained. It appeared that for the purpose of their exercise the parachutists—two of them—had been issued with smoke bombs. One of these they planted on a bridge, and when the witness who sent the information to the police saw the bridge it was just a cloud of smoke.

And the policeman? That has not been explained. It may be just a good example of the force of local rumour, which no amount of propaganda has yet been able to quell. The whole story is in itself a tribute to the Home Guard, and the part about the policeman might well be taken by civilians as a very good wartime moral, for we all know how often rumour has been proved false.

A MINISTRY of Production survey just released shows how extensive underground headquarters, with an intricate system of communication at all control points, have helped the Americans here in the greatest undertaking in military history.

Scientific information, accumulated from British experience, was freely supplied by Britain, and nothing conceivably helpful was withheld. At least 2250 planes were provided by Britain to the U.S.A.A.F., both in Britain and overseas, and the cost of operational airfields, repair depots, equipment and so forth provided for them is estimated to have been at least £110,000,000. In addition, all aviation and motor transport petrol used by the U.S.A.A.F. in Britain was drawn from R.A.F. stocks.

United States personnel have taken 18,000 courses of technical training in R.A.F. schools. British labour to the strength of about 40,000 is working full time on their behalf; and the R.A.F. sea-rescue service has saved hundreds of American flyers.

United States forces in this country have drawn not only flour, bread, and vegetables, but also some items which are rationed or in short supply. Truly it all makes a splendid story of mutual help, and the word ally a magnificent reality.

Horse Sense

A REMARKABLE example of solid horse sense comes to us from a man whose business takes him daily through a peculiar Sydenham thoroughfare. In one section the road narrows, so that two wide vehicles cannot pass abreast. To meet the difficulty the pavement at one point is cut back in the form of a crescent, giving the width necessary for bus to pass bus.

In the narrow part, just short of the bay, a milkman leaves his horse and van while he goes off with his bottles to serve the residents in a big block of flats. Frequently a motor-bus approaches from the rear of the van, but cannot pass. The bus-driver therefore gives a toot on his horn. The horse instantly moves forward into the widened part, and, the bus having passed it, turns and regains the narrow part. There, with but little space to spare, it sedately turns again, and stands, facing in the right direction, in readiness for the return of its master.

Acting without a word of command, this untrained horse seems to reveal something much more closely resembling reasoning powers than all the performers, closely controlled by the ring-master, that we see at a circus.

On the Mountain He Loved

IN accordance with instructions left in his will the ashes of Colonel J. Hamilton Leigh have been placed on the summit of his favourite mountain, Ben Garbheinn.

After a short service conducted by a minister of the Church of Scotland on the summit of this wild mountain, which is situated in the Strontian district of Argyllshire, the casket containing the ashes was placed by two gamekeepers in the centre of a cairn of stones they had built on the peak.



School Friends

Roy Jameson of East Ham, now at a Camp School at Hindhead in Surrey, has a pet squirrel which follows him much as the famous lamb followed Mary. Roy has had the squirrel since it was three weeks old, about five months ago.

WHO WOULD A SAILOR BE?

MOST C.N. boys who are in their teens know a lot about the Y Scheme. A book just published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, The Navy and the Y Scheme, will tell them much more about the Royal Navy and their own chances of becoming officers in the Silent Service.

The success of the Navy is one of those things we take for granted. In peacetime it is here, there, and everywhere, acting as a kind of policeman with a world-wide beat; and in wartime it expands miraculously, and is always found in the right place at the right time.

From the personnel point of view the existence of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve helps to make this expansion possible, and this is where the Y Scheme comes in. It asks lads of good character and good education to enrol at 16½ and serve in a pre-entry training unit until their call-up about a year later for training with the Navy. These volunteers for early call-up are regarded as potential officers in

the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. This ninepenny book not only tells all about the Y Scheme, but it can be guaranteed to interest any island-dweller (and that, of course, includes all British people) for what it has to tell of the Navy in general.

It begins with a word picture of Robert Hitchens, in peacetime a country solicitor and great lover of the sea, but in wartime a great leader of men, who in three years took part in 143 operations and won the D.S.O. and bar and the D.S.C. and two bars. Known to all as Hitch, he was Lieutenant-Commander Robert Hitchens, R.N.V.R. Just a citizen sailor, yet Hitch was, nevertheless, of the same tough breed as Drake and Raleigh, and his career should be an inspiration to any lad who loves the sea.

The book is excellently illustrated and is a worthy companion of the other splendid Stationery Office publications dealing with the various aspects of Britain at War.

The U.S. Takes to Soccer

SOCCER is at last, it seems, becoming quite popular in the United States. So says Leslie Stevens, the young Spurs' inside-left, now in the R.A.F. Leslie has been in Canada and the States for the past two years, and has been asked to go back to America when the war is over, as a soccer professional.

He took R.A.F. teams to several towns in the States, and he and his men found themselves faced with doughty opponents at times. This is remarkable not because Americans ever fail to give a good account of themselves in any sport they take up, but because hitherto they have looked upon soccer as rather tame. True, it has been played regularly at a number of American schools, but rather as a novelty than as a serious sport. Americans have

their own game of football, as we know, and the way they protect themselves with padding and armour of various kinds against its risks suggests that it is a very dangerous game.

Mr Stevens thinks that the popularity of soccer in America today comes from war factories where English and Scottish workers have been its advocates, and induced their fellow-workers to form teams and clubs. But why has this not happened before? After all, Britain has taught Europe soccer, and at this moment soccer is probably the leading sport in the U.S.S.R. But it seems that America did find it too slow.

Americans still think cricket slow beyond comprehension. And yet, say many of them, there must be something in it or these British would never have made it "part of their Constitution"!

BEDTIME CORNER

TELLING THE TIME

I HAVE got a real watch
With a big hand and a small;
It's not a baby penny watch
That will not go at all,
But it's got a lot of wheels inside,
And a bright winding key,
And the sort of chain that men have,
And big boys as old as me!
And a set of springs and little wheels
That I must not take out
'Cept sometimes on a Saturday,
When Daddie is about.



Betty is a baby,
She has no watch at all,
Because she's only just a girl,
As well as being small;
But she goes out in the garden
Where the dandelions grow,

And she puffs out both her cheeks,
And you should see her blow
and blow!
And she says its four o'clock
—or twelve—
Or eight—or six—or three;
And she thinks she tells the time,
Oh, quite as properly as me.

The Lion and the Bulls

FOUR bulls who were great friends always kept near one another and fed together. A lion often watched them and wanted to kill one for his dinner, but he was afraid to attack all four together.

So he began by telling one of the bulls stories about the others to arouse jealousy and bad feeling among them.

The result was that the bulls quarrelled and no longer went about together. Then the artful lion was able to kill and eat them one at a time as he had planned.

Union is strength.

ASKING A BLESSING

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.
Robert Herrick

The Rhine in War and Peace

FROM the dawn of civilisation down to the present time Europe has known few great wars in which the Rhine has not played a part. Yet it is a life-stream of the Continent. No other river has banks so thickly studded with cities, no other has so great a volume of peacetime traffic, so great a volume of industry.

Of the Rhine's many tributaries one alone, the Ruhr, flowing through the rich coal and iron area of Rhenish Prussia, long sufficed, with the district it waters, to make Germany formidable for armament, providing weapons that the Prussians were ever eager to employ. Without the Ruhr there could have been no war in 1914, no renewal of that conflict in 1939.

The Rhine is compact of romance and tragedy. It is a theme of poets, a highway of international trade, bearer of the flotillas of countless military forces of other days, the home of fable and legend, the old-time scene of violence and pillage by robber barons.

Through Many Lands

Born of ice and snow in the Swiss Alps, not far from the source of the Rhone, the Rhine flows between France and Germany, then on through Germany and Holland to the North Sea. On its way it forms the majestic Lake Constance which, 1300 feet above sea level, is 40 miles long and ten miles wide; and it serves to temper the climate of the countryside through which it flows, making it a paradise for the agriculturist and the cultivator of the vine. The river, some 800 miles long, drains an area of 75,000 square miles, or ten times that of the Thames. In ancient days, when the North Sea was dry land, these two great rivers became one, the Thames forming a tributary of the Rhine, with which it flowed north to enter the sea near Norway.

In its course the Rhine, wearing away the mountains through which it speeds, brings down fine mineral particles, which it sustains in solution until waning velocity causes it to deposit its burden. With a thoroughness typical of his nation, Bischoff, a famous German chemist, estimated that the river carries past Emmerich every year enough dissolved carbonate of lime to form the shells of 332 million full-sized oysters! More important to Europe, the Rhine, which is at its height when the hot sun of high summer melts the glaciers and snowfields of central Switzerland, not only brings its powdered mountains to fertilise the soil of Germany, but it has furnished all the soil of low-lying Holland—a farmer's soil unexcelled in productive rich-

ness. At the stage of the journey that brings the Rhine into Holland the river, which, in its early stages falls nearly 6000 feet in less than 30 miles, is only 36 feet above sea level, but its width here exceeds 3000 feet.

It has by this time left far behind the realm of song and romance, the stretch between Bingen and Bonn. There, amid vines and scenes of plenty and loveliness, are the scenes in the legends of the hidden Rhinegold of Wagner's opera. Here dwelt the lovely evil siren whose voice lured enchanted seekers after her to their deaths. Here are the craggy heights above the river, still crowned with the ruins of castles where lurked the robbers notorious through the centuries, the last of whose tyrannous exactions were not abolished until 1869.

Along the waters of the old-time Rhine went missionaries from our own land to convert the pagan Germans; by the same wide winding course the wool of Tudor England reached Central Europe.

The Armament Towns

At Dortmund, one of the Rhineland towns, Berthold Schwarz, a monk, dabbling in chemical experiment, is said to have invented gunpowder, which later German generations were to elaborate and incorporate in inventions designed to destroy civilisation. At Mainz Gutenberg invented printing—an inestimable blessing. At Worms Martin Luther, with his prayer to God for help, standing before Emperor and Princes, made the declaration that led to the Protestant Reformation.

The war has familiarised us with the names of many cities of the Rhine in which our bombers have had to arrest the activities of Hitler's makers of armament, among them Karlsruhe, Ludwigshafen, Mannheim, Dusseldorf, Duisberg, Cologne.

Strife has always centred about the Rhine, from the Roman Empire, down through the Middle Ages, on to Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third, and again in the two world wars of our own era. The time has now arrived to establish for all time the arts of peace in place of those of war as the staple industry of those who dwell on the banks of this noble river.

ULSTER MONSTER

A "MONSTER" which has appeared in Dromate Lake in County Monaghan, Eire, has caused many Irishmen to forget the war for a little while. It would appear to be a young relative of the Loch Ness monster.

Several anglers claim to have seen the creature during the last month, and a farmer who has lived near the lake for thirty years saw it about two yards away and shot at it.

This farmer said that, although he could not see the full body of the monster, it seemed to be about seven feet long with two arms with claws, or webbed feet, attached. Its tail was about eighteen inches long and six inches broad.

The appearance of the monster put a sudden end to swimming in the lake and only a few anglers were brave enough to venture out in a boat. Every night local farmers, armed with shotguns, go out in boats in search of this strange fish, and in the hope of catching sight of it. Crowds throng the shores of the lake at the week-ends.

More Britons Wanted in Canada

THE Prime Minister of Ontario, Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Drew, has had a conference in London on the subject of emigration. He said there had been a complete change in industrial methods in Ontario during the war, and he believed that Canada could now support in prosperity a working population of at least 50 million. There was need for a clearer understanding between Britain and the Dominions, and he was anxious, for instance, to find out whether there would be any difficulty for Britishers desiring to go to Ontario in taking their savings with them. Another thing Ontario desired was the transfer of a number of industrialists from Britain. The sooner Ontario knew what the British Government could do, the sooner the province could make arrangements for those who wanted to settle there.

SALFORD'S TRIUMPH

SALFORD'S pioneer road-prefects scheme, introduced this year by the town's Chief Constable, has passed its first test with flying colours.

When the schools broke up for the summer holidays the specially-trained senior boys and girls who had become prefects were warned that ceaseless vigilance would be expected from them.

With tens of thousands of young children playing in the streets when they would ordinarily be in school the prefects had a busy time. But their devotion to duty has had a wonderful reward, for during the whole holiday period not one Salford child has been killed or injured.

Will other towns please copy? Imitation in this case would not be merely flattery—it might also be a mercy.

The Birmingham Loaf

WHEN Mr R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, visited Birmingham recently, he was presented with a loaf of bread made from corn grown within the city boundaries, cut by the Lord Mayor, and threshed in the city, where, of course, the flour was kneaded and baked.

Better Wages For Workers

THE latest inquiry by the Ministry of Labour into the rise in earnings is a revelation of the better wage conditions prevailing in this country since the outbreak of war.

It should be understood that, at six-monthly intervals, the Ministry obtains from the employers of about 6 million work-people a return of the *actual wages paid* in a given week.

These particulars are obtained from the manufacturing industries generally, and also from some of the principal non-manufacturing industries. The latest details concern the last pay week of January, and reveal that in that week the increases since October 1938 (the latest date before the war for which comparable figures are available) were as follows: 79 per cent increase for men to a present wage of 123s 8d; 80 per cent increase for youths and boys to a wage of 46s 10d; 85 per cent

increase for girls under 18 to a wage of 34s 3d; and 96 per cent increase for women to a wage of 63s 9d. The collective averages for all workers were a 79 per cent increase to a wage of 95s 7d.

These average rates of earnings cover varying classes of manual workers, skilled and unskilled, and it must be remembered that they include piece-rate earnings, night-work and other payments which raise weekly wages. All industries, of course, have not shared equally, and some offer their staffs greater opportunities for piece-work and overtime. The greater percentage increase of women's earnings is partly due to the increase of women doing men's work.

PROFESSORS OF CHILD HEALTH

THE Council of Liverpool University has done a valuable piece of work. It has established a new Department of Child Health, and has appointed as its director Dr Norman B. Capon, who will bear the striking title of Professor of Child Health.

This new department has been made possible by the collaboration of the University with the City Council and the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital.

The department will concern itself not only with the investigation of the diseases of childhood but also with the preservation of good health, physical and mental, during childhood. It is in great urban centres like Liverpool that

such problems are most pressing, and they afford great opportunities for study.

The department will be set up at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital and the Alder Hey Children's Hospital, and will therefore be able to draw upon their great experience.

A Professor of Child Health is also to be appointed in London University, for Lord Nuffield has granted £10,000 a year for ten years to establish an Institute of Child Health, which it is hoped will be associated with the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

This is splendid news which fills one with hope for the future.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of



the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Bermaline

BREAD

Baked by good bakers everywhere

"Everyone likes it"

Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. IBROX, GLASGOW.

THE BRAN TUB

THE PERFECT SHAVE

"AND how would you like me to shave you?" the barber paused in the middle of his chattering to inquire. "In silence, please," replied the long-suffering customer.

Ensuring Happiness

To be happy we must have:
More virtue than knowledge,
More love than tenderness,
More health than riches,
More repose than profit.

Jacko Holds the Bridgehead



ADOLPHUS had been on his holidays and on the day he returned Jacko decided to play a joke on him. Going to the stream at the end of the road, he fixed a rope to one end of the plank bridge and so made it into a drawbridge. When Adolphus came to the stream he found the bridge drawn up and Jacko cheerfully waiting for a penny before he would let down the plank. "Oh dear!" sighed Adolphus. "I cannot jump the stream as I have so much luggage, so I suppose I will have to pay the young scoundrel." Jacko caught the penny thrown to him, and discreetly vanished.

THE WAPITI

THE Wapiti is generally called the elk in North America, but we give the name elk to the moose, quite another animal. The wapiti is a near relation of the red deer and the reindeer, and, next to the moose, is the largest of all the deer family. The male has a magnificent pair of antlers, very like those of the stag.

World Music

KIND words are like music. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes.

Weight-lifting

If gravitation were done away with, it would need no effort to lift a million pounds.

LIVING LETTERS

A B C D E F G
Seem like boys and girls to me.
H I J K L M N
I pretend are soldier men.
O P Q R S T U
Are the drills they have to do.
V and W and X
Are all swans with long white necks.
I pretend that Y and Z
Are my dolls tucked up in bed.

MATCH DRAWING

SAVE used matches until you have quite a big number, then try a picture-laying competition. It is good fun.

Anything that can be shown by straight lines can be made up with the matches—furniture, houses, ships, and so on.

See who can lay the best scene on the table.

Nature News

SKYLARK, song thrush, and hedge sparrow begin to sing again. The great number of crane-flies or daddy-long-legs which come out at this time are a favourite meal of rocks. These birds search the fields for the pupae as they push their way out of the ground in readiness to turn into the perfect flying insect.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

The Elusive Corncrake. "Craak, craak!" The rasping note broke the stillness of the sweet night air.

"Sounds like a duck," thought Don.

As he crept across the meadow in pursuit the cry was repeated, closer than ever.

Reaching the big hayfield he paused. The night folk were abroad, their rustlings filled the dew-drenched grass.

A covey of partridges arose; the whirring wings startled Don. Reluctantly he abandoned the chase.

"The call was that of a corncrake," said Farmer Gray, on hearing of the adventure. "He is the ventriloquist of the bird world. I've known people spend hours attempting to locate the bird, but they seldom succeed."

Change of Scene

A DISCONTENTED Apple said: "This bough no more I'll dwell on. I'll drop into the stream instead. And be a water-melon!"

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, September 20, to Tuesday, September 26.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Extraordinary Affair of Ernest the Policeman—another adventure of the citizens of Toytown, by S. G. Hulme Beaman. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Fighting a Bush Fire—another of John Ein's Australian Bush Tales, told by Derek McCulloch; followed by Songs of the Countryside, sung by Joyce Sutton, and From America, with a talk about the Pack-Rat of Canada.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Incredible Adventure of Miss Moon—a new serial play by Tudur Watkins. Production by John Keir Cross. Episode 4—The Island of Death.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Ain't that Good News? A concert by coloured American soldiers in this country.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Dr Johnson. A play in the series Famous Men and Women, by L. du Garde Peach. Part 2—A Journey to the Western Isles.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Bog Queen Flittin—a play adapted by Joan Frank from the story in The Souls of Poor Folk, by Alexander Irvine.

TUESDAY, 5.30 BBC Northern Orchestra.

REAL VARIETY

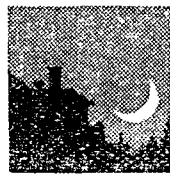
EVEN in peacetime the boarding-house had not been noted for the variety of its menus. "Sausage and potato for breakfast again this morning?" groaned a boarder.

"No, sir, not today." "Good! What are we to have?"

"Sausage."

Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning Saturn and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 p.m. B.S.T. on Friday, September 22.



JUMBO'S GRUMBLE

AN elephant trained for a circus complained, "It's a shame how they work us. We're kept toiling all day, but when bun-time comes they show a strong inclination to shirk us!"

The Children's Newspaper, September 23, 1944

TOO MUCH FOR HER

THERE was a young lady of Portugal
Whose ideas were excessively nautical;
So she climbed up a tree,
To examine the sea,
But declared she would never leave Portugal. Edward Lear.

A Fishy Tale

"WHAT did the largest fish you ever caught weigh?" inquired one angler of another.

"Well, I don't take a weighing machine with me when I go fishing, but one day my line got hitched up on a little island. The island turned out to be a trout, and when I landed him the water of the lake went down nearly a foot."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Rhyming Riddle.
A Tree.
A Penny Problem.
Make a square with three pennies on each side, and then place the four remaining pennies on the corner pennies, one on each.

FAIR	MEAD
MANAGER	
DAPPER	RA
ERA	E KAY
TRIDENT	
KIT	L EEL
EC	NEVADA
PLEASED	I
TERN	T SAR



Saving is so simple if you put your Savings in the Post Office, or a Trustee Savings Bank every week. Your money is always there if you want it; but as long as you leave it in the Bank it's always growing bigger—and what's more important it's helping to bring victory nearer.

Put your savings in the

POST OFFICE

or a TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

Issued by the National Savings Committee



'Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels

without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.